

GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

- 1 A dialogue between a drunken husband
and a scolding wife.
- 2 The Black's Lamentation.
- 3 The Chamber-maid's unkind answer to
the Black's Lamentation, who now lies
mad in Bedlam for the Loss of his love.



M. Angus and Son, Printers, Newcastle.

The drunken Husband ; or, the scolding Wife.

YOU piping pot, you drunken sot,
Whilst I take care and pains,
You rant and roar, you run a score,
Amongst your wanton dames,
You spend your wealth, decay your health
And forfeits a good name :
Our money's gone, we're all undone,
And nothing left but shame.
My fairest lass I do confess,
I have been something wild,
But I intend my life to mend,
And be no more a child ;
Contented be, and thou shalt see,
This course I will refrain,
He long doth run that ne'er doth turn,
Nor once looks back again.
You spoke me fair I do declare,
Ever since the time we met,
And told to me how good you'd be,
But you're not mended yet,
What day doth pass you drunken ass,
That abroad you do not roam ?
My dear I grant I've got a haunt,
I cannot stay at home :
The more's the shame, you careless man,
What makes you range abroad ?

Can you not stay at home and play,
 With your children, you tripling toad;
 You do neglect in that respect,
 Your true and lawful wife,
 I pray the cease, and let's have peace,
 For now I'll mend my life :

Not long ago you told me so,
 Yet you are never the nearer,
 What think you on you careless man;
 Sure you are void of fear,
 There's hell below, full well you know,
 Must have all wicked men,
 And women too, sweet wife you know,
 Must go as well as them ;

When we were wed I grac'd my bed,
 With full three hundred pounds,
 Where is it all you wasteful man ?

You have it all consum'd ;
 My portion's spent, I do lament.
 The time that we were wed,
 My bairns and I may sit and cry,
 And almost starv'd for bread ;

Nay say not so, full well you know,
 You have no need of that,
 Thy bairns and thee, all men may see,
 They are both fair and fat ;
 When money's scant, e'er you shall want,
 I'll pawn clothes off my back,

Both soul and skin, and all that's in;
 Or ever you shall lack;
 Go hang yourself you drunken elf,
 Do you begin to flout,
 Oh ! how I hate to hear thee prate,
 I wish thy tongue were out,
 I wish I had ne'er been thy bride,
 Nor e'er thy face had seen,
 Such grief and woe as now I know,
 When will my sorrows end
 I pray thee, wife, leave off this strife,
 Or else I do protest,
 I will away without delay,
 Some captain shall me list;
 I will to wars, to the field of Mars,
 And there I will regain,
 And then bring back what thou dost lack,
 Both honour, wealth, and fame.

The Black's Lamentation.

I Am a poor black 'tis true,
 Love has invaded me,
 It has prov'd my overthrow,
 And distracted has made me:
 O Cupid be kind to me,
 And wound that fairest she,
 That thus confineth me,
 Here in new Bedlam.
 Ye Gods in nature great,
 To die I had rather,

Unless you pity shew,
 Make me a white creature;
 For here I am confin'd in chains,
 While my jewel does me disdain;
 O com death and ease my pain,
 Now in new Bedlam.

Why do I here complain?
 My chains I'll rend them;
 My passion is so great,
 I can't contain them;
 I'll fly unto my dear,
 Unless they bring her here,
 That she may ease my care,
 Now in new Bedlam.

I'll make a ring of straw,
 None shall be neater,
 I'll send it to my dear,
 For to complete her;
 Who knows but she may be kind,
 And be to love inclin'd,
 And ease my troubled mind,
 While in new Bedlam.

Hark! how the pretty birds,
 Sing their pleasant ditty,
 Methinks in my behalf,
 To make her pity;
 Their pretty fluttering wings,
 The joyful tidings brings,

She'll free me from those chains,
 Now in new Bedlam.
 When first my love I plac'd,
 With pure affection,
 I little thought 'twould have prov'd,
 My sad distraction;
 If she'd but wed with me,
 How happy should I be,
 And gain my liberty,
 Out of new Bedlam.
 Venus the queen of love,
 Send Cupid to her,
 And make her for to know,
 It is in my power,
 To wound that unkind heart,
 That acts this tragic part,
 That she may feel the smart,
 Of her true lover.

How happy are young men,
 That keep their freedom,
 And never in love trust,
 A perjured woman;
 For if they find you prize,
 Their handsome shape and eyes,
 O how they'll tyrannize,
 Young men ne'er heed them.

The Chamber-Maids unkind answer.

GEORGE SIGHBUS I do wonder,
 That you should be so silly,

To fall in love with me,
 Or that I should pity,
 For your suit it is in vain,
 In Bedlam you must remain,
 My consent you ne'er will gain,
 Therefore believe me.

I blush that a black does love me,
 Methinks that I am above him,
 My fancy won't agree,
 That I should love him ;
 If a white man did prize,
 My handsome shape and eyes,
 I would not tyrannize,
 Young man believe me.

Yet methinks in my mind,
 I bear part of his trial,
 My senses are at strife,
 To give him a denial.
 I wish he a white man were,
 I soon would ease his care,
 And be his only dear,
 No longer cruel.

I am griev'd that a lover true,
 Should run to ruin,
 And for the love of me,
 Should be his undoing :
 Oh ! that he was but white,
 In him I would take delight,
 And soon would be his wife,
 And quench love's fuel.

Oh ! dear to me he'd cry,
 In love be kinder,
 Consent to be my bride,
 And your charms surrender,
 Then straight he'd give me a kiss,
 Which I highly took a mite,
 Then in grief these words express'd
 I am ruin'd forever.

Was I with him to wed,
 Be he ne'er so civil,
 I should think within my bed,
 I had thee devil :
 He would me so affright,
 I could not bear the sight,
 I must forsake him quite,
 And never have him.

Then to Bedlam he was sent,
 When I gave denial,
 Love's a tormenting pain,
 When it comes to trial ;
 It was my cruelty 'tis true,
 That wrought his overthrow,
 Such lovers there are but few,
 Young men are deceiving.

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